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THE NEW UNITY

For Good Citizenship; Good Literature; and Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

VOLUME XLII. CHICAGO, OCTOBER 20, 1898. NUMBER 8.

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"The holy Nanac on the ground, one day,
Reclining, with his feet towards Mecca, lay.
A passing Moslem priest, offended, saw,
And, flaming for the honor of his law,
Exclaimed, 'base infidel, thy prayers repeat!
Towards Allah's house how dar'st thou turn the feet?'
Before the Moslem's shallow accents died,
The pious but indignant Nanac cried,
'And turn them, if thou canst, towards any spot
Wherein the awful house of God is not.'"

Alfred C. Clark & Co., Publishers, 185-187 Dearborn St.
Chicago.

THE SAFE SIDE.

A THEISTIC REFUTATION OF THE DIVINITY OF CHRIST.

SECOND EDITION, REVISED AND ENLARGED.

By RICHARD M. MITCHELL.

Summary of Contents.—The accidental origin of the Christian Religion. The part taken by John the Baptist; his incentive to action; church neglect of him, and why. Origin of the word Christian. Why Christ was crucified. The teachings of Christ. Adoption of the books of the Old Testament enforced by Christ quoting them. Why so much of Paul and so little of Peter. Why Peter's Gospel was suppressed. Paul's recantation. The ascension. The origin, authorship and service of the Fourth Gospel. The need of faith. Westminster Catechism. Evident shame of the many authors of the Thirteenth Article of Religion. Why the sharp curtailment of the Epistle of James. Inertia of ideas. Importance of Inherited ideas, and the mental laws by which their errors are corrected. Guiding nature of the mental faculties. Courage, memory, imagination and conscience derived through other faculties; action of the latter. Natural depravity. Origin of money. Transformation of idle savages into laborers. Far-reaching effect of a certain edict of Justinian. Cause of the universality of Trinitarianism. Heroism and extinction of the Samaritans. Glimpses of New Testament accounts in the works of Josephus. The same circumstance started both Paul and Josephus on a journey to Rome; both were shipwrecked, etc. Two mentions of Jesus in the New Testament more accurately fit another Jesus mentioned by Josephus. An Egyptian mentioned by Josephus was undoubtedly Christ. (See Acts xxi, 38; Matt. ii, 15.) The "Testimony" an admitted interpolation. The words "who was called Christ," and the probable original words. Triplicate association of ideas suggest that Jesus may have had a rival in the person of Judas mentioned in Acts v, 37. Josephus' account of Pharisees, Sadducees and Essenes, and eulogy of the latter; why that sect not mentioned in the new testament. Worldliness, Conversion, Immortality, closing with Supernatural Supervision.

LETTERS AND REVIEWS.

Mr. Clement Warren, Brooklyn, New York City.

I have just completed for the seventh time a reading of your cogent work entitled "The Safe Side." Every time that I have read the work I have realized its excellence more and more. On each occasion new features have developed. Each page furnishes food for thought, and each chapter (or less) provides a mental meal which absolutely needs digestion and deep reflection before proceeding further. It is a work replete with facts clearly stated and irresistibly put. They may be ignored but cannot be refuted. The information I have gained from reading "The Safe Side" equals the sum total of all that I was possessed of previous to my first reading of it. It throws a flood of light on the subject which only the wilfully blind can ignore, and as a compendium of tersely put truths, is one of the best I have ever read on any subject.

From Prof. O. B. Frothingham, Boston.

The book has been received and perused. Allow me to thank you for sending it to me as one capable of judging its argument. I find it original and able. Its frankness, outspokenness, boldness, interest me greatly. It goes to the roots of the matter. It has long been my conviction that the belief in the deity of Christ was the essence of Christianity; that the religion must fall with this; that a revision of doctrine, history, psychology, becomes necessary. This you have undertaken. I may differ here and there from you, but on incidental points only, where you may be right. On the main drift of your essay my sympathies are entirely with you. You have learning, thought, insight, on your side, and I think this volume will attract attention by the honesty with which it presents the claims of reason and avows the good results of obeying the natural laws of the mind. You do a service in printing it. I would advise its wide circulation.

From "Review of Reviews," New York.

The present time is one of great religious discussion in America as elsewhere. Books are written from every conceivable standpoint, and the candid student of religious problems will welcome every honest effort at their solution, while not yielding his own individual right of judgment. Mr. Mitchell's work is an attack upon Christianity—its bible, its church, its doctrine, its founder. Firmly fixed in the belief of a divine existence and the necessity for a religious life in man, the author presents the thesis: The divinity of Christ can be disproved; being disproved, the whole Christian system falls. Mr. Mitchell has been a thorough student of recent biblical criticism and he uses its results freely. He goes far beyond the conservative Unitarian position, for he attacks even the ethical teaching of Jesus. Many orthodox readers will sympathize somewhat with the view Mr. Mitchell takes of the clergy. He emphasizes strongly the great amount of social wealth which yearly goes to support church "club houses" and the ministry, which to him appears a serious waste. Generally speaking the volume has been produced in a spirit of great candor. Throughout it is ably written, in clear, fitting language. * * *

From Andrew D. White, LL.D., ex-President of Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.

I have delayed acknowledging your book until I could have the opportunity to give it a more careful examination. I have now done so, and wish to thank you for it heartily. It seems to me full of valuable information which persons studying the great question to which you refer should have at their command. It also seems very suggestive of thought, and likely to bear useful fruit among investigators.

Any one who in these days is willing to give his labor to opening up these great subjects to the light is, in my opinion, rendering a great service to Christianity itself—a service which, however much it may be depreciated now, will be honored later, when the leaders of thought shall have given the honest attention to the whole subject which it dererves.

Mr. Edward Howe, New York City.

I have given your book a third reading and admire it more than ever. * * * Such a book as yours is greatly needed to clear the theological atmosphere, and I hope it will be very widely circulated. * *

Prof. Hudson Tuttle in "The Better Way."

A more thoroughly honest and impartial criticism on Christian doctrines and the claims of Christianity has not been published. It is logical and argumentative, but never partisan. It presents the strongest arguments for Christianity, and then slowly and surely draws the besieging forces of facts and logic around them, undermines them, and at last demolishes them. Unimpassioned as the truth itself, the author proceeds step by step, and when the last sentence is finished, the object for which he wrote the book has been accomplished. The titles of the twenty-one chapters do not convey a complete idea of the author's line of thought, and quotations from pages so diversified would give a yet more inadequate conception. The book grows better from the beginning. Evidently the author wrote slowly and with much thought, and as he proceeded his mental horizon extended, and expression became easier and more certain. After the review of Christianity, the last five chapters, which somewhat diverge, are especially excellent. They are titled: "Inertia of Ideas," "Conversion," "The Safe Side," "Immortality," "Supernatural Supervision." Those who desire to know what the most advanced scholarship has done in the way of Biblical criticism can find it here in this book, condensed and more forcibly expressed. In short, it is a *vade mecum*, a library within itself of this kind of knowledge, and is much that is difficult of access in its original form. The author writes with conviction, which is felt in any one of his plain and terse sentences. There is no circumlocution or word padding to conceal poverty of ideas. He writes because he has something to say, and says it without fear or favor, because he feels that it is true.

From the Boston "Investigator."

Mr. Mitchell has done the cause of Liberalism a great service in his noble work. He has assumed that the truth is a better guide than falsehood, and that it is safe to know the truth and to tell it. There is no subject about which there is more of darkness, of ignorance, of error, than the one he has undertaken to clear up—the divinity of Jesus. Mr. Mitchell has studied the gospels and contemporaneous literature with one end in view—that of finding the truth. He has brought to his study a candid mind, a scholar's critical judgment and a philosopher's spirit. He has sifted the material bearing upon his subject, and arranged and presented the facts, as far as they could be ascertained, in a way to secure the attention of the reader, and to carry conviction to the impartial and unprejudiced mind. His masterly presentation of the superstitions and ideas which culminated in the declaration that Jesus was divine, throws new light on the gospels, and helps to make clear what has heretofore been dark and mysterious. "The Safe Side" is a good book to have in your library. It is original, able and thoroughly liberal in its treatment of the subject.

From The Chicago "Tribune."

* * * "The Safe Side" is written from what may be described as the most agnostic position possible within the range of Unitarian views. It presents a great number of "nuts to crack," by those students of the scriptures and the history of the church who have gone over the ground for themselves, and are credited with the ability to pass judgment upon the arguments for and against "the faith as once delivered to the saints."

* * * But the work should be read by doctors of the church, and able educated ministers of the gospel who possess superior knowledge of the subject. * *

From the Chicago "Times."

* * * Such a book as indicated is "The Safe Side," by Richard M. Mitchell, of this city. * * * But in all this terribly destructive criticism it is manifest that the writer entertains the simplest and most reverent belief in God, and in the unbroken life and development of the human soul throughout eternity. To him the distinction between good and evil is clear, notwithstanding the extinction of Christianity, as a system in his belief. Sin, wrong, he does not believe can be forgiven, but its penalty must be borne in remorse, retarded growth, etc. * * Read his book. * * *

The most remarkable features of the book are its simplicity of manner, its utter fearlessness of candor, its freedom from anything like a spirit of bitterness. It is a book that will be denounced by every orthodox speaker or writer, but they should not forget that denunciation is often, like a demurrer in legal proceedings, an admission of facts, and nearly always amounts to begging the question at issue. It is a book which for its matter, its thought, to say nothing of its manner, is thoroughly worthy of equally simple and complete refutation, if any one can achieve it.

The book is printed on best laid paper, cloth binding, 475 pages, 12 mo. **Price, 1.50,** delivered prepaid to all points by mail or express.

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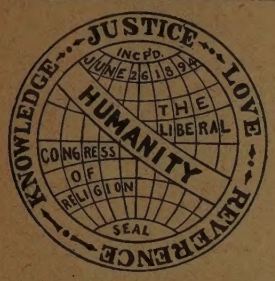
THE NEW UNITY

VOLUME XLII. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1898. NUMBER 8.



TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion, to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in oganization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future. —*From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.*

Editorial.

Break not from off thy life a piece for heaven, or large or small;
But pour the soul of service in for leaven and raise it all. FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

Two native students from Calcutta with names suggestive of the far off land, have entered Manchester College, Oxford, this year, with the view of preparing themselves for the liberal ministry. There is a high mission for those who can submit oriental temperament to western training and combine Hindu insight with western sense. We wish them well.

Among the religious items in a recent number of the *Boston Transcript*, we read that "Rev. B. F. Mills has come out strong for the new religion based on evolution with growth, development and progress." And further, that "at the Methodist General Conference in Canada there were pronounced evolutionists and higher critics and yet there was not a breath of a heresy trial," and that "Moody says it is unreasonable to build beautiful churches and keep them closed six days in the week." All of which chimes with the music that begins to fill the air everywhere.

Nothing taxes a Secretary's faith in human nature so much as the discovery of the readiness with which human nature (at least of the clerical kind) flies a program. Is not a program a contract with the public and is not he who breaks it with impunity guilty of a breach of contract? Alas for the public man who does not rest in the sanctity of a previous engagement and thereby avoid a host of disturbing calls and distracting demands. Two-thirds of the calls upon a public man's life are sufficiently answered and disposed of by his engagement book. Happy the man who keeps this in order and then lives up to it.

Doctor Lorrimer, of Boston, is nothing if he is not rhetorical. He struck some telling alliterations in his missionary sermon before the Baptist Union at Nottingham, England, recently, when he said, "Hinduism is stupefaction; Mohammedanism is putrefaction; Buddhism is obliteration; Christianity is life." That sounds well, but is it fair or true? We fear there is some stupefaction and putrefaction inside of Christendom and there may be a little life left inside of Hinduism and Mohammedanism. Anyhow a preacher of the gospel should be a little careful lest in his love for rhetoric he may unchristianize his Christianity. Better not have life than to use it unfairly and better have no religion than that it should inspire us into unkindliness. Zeal is deplorable when it entraps us into ungraciousness.

Dr. Gunsaulus has for twenty years been a preacher of liberal ideas. While theologically he has been among the unclassified and his own particular creed has been in dispute, socially, mentally and spiritually he has always belonged to the forward lookers, so that to those who knew him best, the recent request presented by him and his associate, Rev. Artemus Haynes, to the Plymouth Church, that they should open their doors and bid welcome to Mohammedan and Christian alike who desire the good, was no surprise, but this open declaration will doubtless have far reaching effect and will find cordial response among those who like these preachers have been on the inside of the creeds with sympathies that reach to the outermost rim. We congratulate the Plymouth Church in this advanced step. We welcome Mr. Gunsaulus back to the Chicago pulpit, and we welcome both Mr. Gunsaulus and Mr. Haynes into the wider fellowship and open sympathies of the great church of the universal brotherhood, beneath which are ever the eternal arms and over which always bends the unrimmed skies of the eternal.

The most completely lost of all days is one on which we have not thought.—*De Finod.*

Occasions of adversity best discover how great virtue or strength each one hath. For occasions do not make a man frail, but they show what he is.—*Thomas à Kempis.*

The Restoration of Faith.

That there is a marked decline in the devotion of people to the church and its attendant interests is a matter of such common note that it is proper to inquire into the causes and remedy of the same.

The growth of knowledge. The intellectual development of this century has thrown distrust upon the alleged foundation of religion. The boys and girls have gone to school. They have studied geology which has persuaded them that the alleged six thousand years is no adequate measure of the life of their globe. They have studied history and found that the alleged saintliness of our ancient patriarchs, priests and sages does not in many respects stand the test of common honesty and decency as applied to modern life. In short, they have found that the ecclesiastical interpretation of the church, of religion, of God and man as expressed in the churches and the creeds and the books of religion do not always stand the tests of science, and do not always command the confidence of the intellectually trained, and of course there is on their part a decline of interest in such as commonly interpreted and represented.

In the second place there has been a growth of interest in this world, not because it panders to the flesh but because it is a hospitable home for spirit. Men have become more interested in their neighbors than they used to be. They are experimenting with society, they are absorbed not only in conquering the world but in using it after it is conquered. If heaven seems farther away and less desirable it is because heavenly realities seem more near at hand and the terrestrial adjustment more possible, and so unconsciously but instinctively men, women and children recoil from the other-worldliness of many of the so-called religious institutions.

Man has become more cosmopolitan. Steam and electricity have annihilated space, knocked down the dividing walls of nations, overridden the lines that have separated systems and creeds and confession. If there be less of an interest in Methodism it is because there is more of an interest in Christendom. If Christians bear aloft their banners with less arrogant enthusiasm it is perchance because they have caught sight of the white banners of love waving over pagan hosts and the high emblems of duty borne by beautiful lives in heathen lands. There is a cosmopolitanism that has come into the realm of morals and religion which has chilled that kind of patriotism which George Eliot has described as the "virtue of narrow minds," the patriotism in which pride of country breeds contempt of other countries, which studies home virtues by the easy but vicious methods of contrasts rather than by the long and safer method of comparison.

There are other forces not so creditable to human nature, not so encouraging to the study of human nature, which are more palpable and consequently need less careful study. With the growth of physical science and the truths that come therefrom, there has been such a strain of the senses, that there has been a loss of leisure, a death to quiet which has darkened the windows of reflection and deadened meditation. The noble attractions of this world have thrown a charm over the raw material that is delusive, a love of luxury, a passion for things, an appetite for money that has become so absorbing that the soul has lost sight of the fact that things may become like stones in a haversack, dead impediments, yielding no nourishment and serving no growth in and of themselves and that money, when once dissevered in thought from the high things which money may bring, becomes a delusion and a snare, a power of evil to debase the individual and to degrade society.

But what is the remedy for all this? for remedy surely there is. Humanity is not going to permanently abandon its shrines. The world is not going to lose sight of its sacred places and as the soul grows it must grow in devoutness.

The first remedy is thoughtfulness. What thought destroyed let thought restore. If study wrecked, more study must renew. The skepticism that sprang out of study is remedied by more study. Study dispelled the story of a six-day creation and a six-thousand year old world, only to lay the foundation for the sublimer story of the perpetual creation and the measureless unfolding. Ecclesiastical history as something distinct from or antagonistic to something else known as profane history, has lost its interest to the student of history only to yield to that same student farther on a deeper interest for the story of the church is but the shallow version of the great story of earth's nobility. In the student's hands dogma fades into philosphy and the devotee becomes identified with the sage. Through thought Greek life formulated the philosophy of the Epicurean and the stoic. The first philosophy degenerated into indulgence and luxury, the second ripened into the nobility of Marcus Aurelius, and contributed much of the strength found in the Christian fathers. The medieval ages developed the cavalier and the ascetic. The cavalier lilting his songs of love, has passed away. The ascetic was the forerunner of Luther and Milton, and he reappeared in Cromwell, Channing, and in Theodore Parker. The Cathedral builders lived contemporaneously with the robber barons and plundering kings, but because they sheltered the humble, comforted the defeated and glorified poverty under their majestic arches, democracy grew and the corporate conscience had its rise. Barons withered in the cathedrals' shad-

ows and the kings are going while the cathedral remains. All this and more is the discovery of the student.

A little thought shows that the Sabbatarian claim is an unverified tradition, in many cases an arbitrary contention and sometime a hurting dogma, but more study reveals the fact that the week with its one rest day is inseparably woven into the history of civilization, and it is justified by the most severe rationalism and necessitated by the sternest economic laws. Deeper study restores the respect for Sunday and a reverence for that specialization that breaks the formal round of business, relieves the domestic routine of the home, breaks the monotony of life and punctuates the year with those breathing spaces wherein the body robes itself in clean linen, the mind escapes the tyranny of its environment and the soul orients itself in thoughts of the eternal and in dreams of the ideal.

So again with the Bible. Study cuts the bookbinder's twine that makes as one book one hundred different compositions. Thought breaks the claim to peculiar sancities and to the monotonous theory of inspiration that makes one text equal to another, no matter where found or by whom spoken. Thought pricks the monstrous claim of infallibility and it collapses like a bubble under thought's scrutiny. But by continued study the shaft sinks deeper and the hidden currents of inspiration rise to the surface in flowing wells of healing and of comfort. More thought discovers here imperishable literature, magnificent poetry, pathetic history and heart-staying trust. When the Bible as a dogma goes, according to the behest of thought, the Bible as literature stays as a perpetual and perennial power in the lives of men. Job and Isaiah abide as unquestioned classics with power to charm the cultured and to direct the weak and the frivolous.

As with the church, Sunday and Bible, so it is with hymn, sermon and prayer. The student wearies of them on the lower level but the student rises to the higher levels where he feels that the spirit has its tides and he welcomes that inflowing and outflowing of the soul that hymns itself in the great measures of the sublimest poets and inspires the great musicians to their noblest compositions. Thought indeed discovers the pathos of preaching but the thoughtful recognizes that the appeal of ethics is commanding and the need of it is imperative, and the most cultured are the most willing to recognize their need of and indebtedness to the leadings and guidings of those who by study and freedom from other cares and distractions may strike ever and anon the notes that lead to action. A prayer that is silenced by thought is again vocalized by more thinking. The thoughtful hesitates to ask from the All-Bounty that which is already provided and dares not if it could interfere with the mysterious order of the universe, but the thoughtful does know that words are things, phrases are the timbers in the house not made with hands in which dwell loftiness, beauty, sublimity, ecstacy and so the thoughtful soul is fain to climb upon the ladder of words from earth to heaven.

Thus it is by thought we are to reconstruct the damages wrought by thought, and thinking re-establishes for us the sanctities of church, of Sunday, of Bible, of home, sermon and prayer.

There is a second restoration that comes through the heart. In the deep places of life the soul loses its flippancy. No one cares to recount the mistakes of Moses or the absurdities of the creed by the open grave. When parents close the eyes of the little one in death, when the youth stands beside the coffin of his mother and the daughter misses the strong arm of the father to lean upon, when love's sweet illuminations go out in darkness, life's hopes are blinded, then the soul knows there is reality in unseen things, power in intangible forces, sanctities behind the veil. So if we would seek to restore faith, bring back our reverence, know again the joy of trustfulness, we must live deep, get down where comradeship is permanent and where sympathy is a necessity, then climb to the heights where the soul reaches the Nirvana of joy, that death to self found in the great concern for others. At the marriage altar, at birth time and death time, the coldest heart is devout and the most skeptical is believing. Faith is restored by deep living. Faith is restored by tender loving. The faith that is scattered by smiles is restored by tears; and if you would again build the old waste places, love more sincerely, feel more deeply; let the anguish of life do its work; let the sackcloth of your humiliation, the ashes of your disgraces and disappointments prove to you the wedding robes of the spirit that will win you admission into the temple of faith and lead you to devoutly kneel at the altar of the Most High.

When the intellect loses its way and conscience fixes more steadily its gaze upon the pole star; when the winds of doubt or dissipation, the wild currents of society or of pleasure tear the ship from its moorings and it breaks away from pier and from wharf, then the anchor of duty, which plants itself deep below the tempests in the profound stillness where winds never disturb and storms do not go, holds. Oh, soul, when theology fails, ethics suffices. When doctrines confuse and discourage right, like a white angel, guides you in the form of the nearest duty and the simplest helpfulness. An Indian, with the inherited instincts of the woodsman and the continuous training of the forest, is said to seldom lose his way; he carries a

compass in his head. He always knows the way to the wigwam. Religion preserves that primitive skill of nature, that primary culture of matter that gives a man his bearing by the light of duty. The great reformers of the world have been the great believers. The highest ecstacy the soul has ever known is the ecstacy of martyrdom. The heart is never wholly glad and never supremely peaceful except when it does the hard thing and has yielded to the high behest and has dared do the thing it does not want to do. Herein lies the secret of sainthood, the peace of the prophet, the reward of the generous.

Life is fearfully complex. At times we are terribly perplexed. The clamor of passion, of society, of opportunities are enough to drive us mad. The more we have, the more is wanted. The more we give, the more is called for. We press forward along life in search of competency, peace and quiet, but the human needs grow with the accumulated dollars and the millionaire is no more satisfied than the counter of the meager pennies that are the reward of humblest toil. There is only one unfailing road to religion and that is duty. There is only one lasting way to be religious and that is found in the way of self-abnegation, seif-consecration.

Notes by E. P. Powell.

It may not have escaped the attention of readers of NEW UNITY that there has been a development of the confessional system in connection with high-churchism in America. It will have to be fully considered very shortly. The *London Times* says of the same attempt to establish confession in England that "The English people as a whole have only one thing to say to this system. They do not care what argument may be adducible in excuse for it. A long time ago they had some centuries experience of it. And they see at the present day what are the results it produces elsewhere; and their mind is made up. They will have none of it. The public take a comparatively languid and contemptuous interest in the disputes raised on points of ceremonial. But if, as now appears, ritualism means the inculcation of habitual confession, with all its consequences, it is a conspiracy against public morals; and it is the first duty of all friends of the church to purge it of such poison. A priest it seems is to interfere in every household, to direct the wife in the discharge of her duties to her husband, children in their relations to their parents, girls in relation to their lovers, and so on through every delicate relationship." The office of the church does not fairly cover this field. It is the work of education and the school, to supplement family training concerning the questions referred to by our contemporary.

The question, Have dumb animals souls is arousing discussion in some new quarters. Professor Howlson argues that soul or mind is a controlling force of life, prior to life, and not following as an *incident* of life. Plato, it must be remembered, gave a soul to the universe. Following this logic, soul is the universal; finding its expression in every organic thing that has life. It therefore is not a blind question to ask, as some do, Have plants and trees souls? After we have granted an affirmative to both questions, we have by no means established the principle of immortality, either for all animal life, or for plant life. We have simply determined for ourselves the universal life, in which we all live and have our being, according to Saint Paul as well as Plato. Then follows the question, as Paul states it, Have we attained unto eternal continuance of being? The ethics of immortality is simply this: Have we, individually, established such relations to the infinite life, that we may address it as Our Father; and feel sure that there is an eternal obligation between us as father and children? He only has a claim on eternal individual continuity on life who has reached this everlasting and imperishable alliance.

The following eloquent lines were written by Margaret E. Goodnow:

"God save the birds! Five million tiny throats are yearly stilled;
Five million homes made tenantless, once with wee 'bairnies' filled;
Five million precious choristers of God's own temple slain!
A world made tuneless,—since but they know aught of God's refrain.

O human mother! in whose heart love's message has been heard;
Know that the same sweet message comes to every mother-bird;
Then raise your standard nobly, with a purpose, strong, intense,
Against the cruel slaughter of the helpless innocents."

The following are Jefferson's Ten Rules of daily living:

Take things always by the smooth handle.

Pride costs more than hunger, thirst, and cold.

We seldom repent of having eaten too little.

Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.

Never spend your money before you have earned it.

Never buy what you don't want, because it is cheap.

Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.

Never put off until to-morrow what you can do to-day.

How much pain the evils have cost us that have never happened!

When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry count a hundred.

Noonday lunches for pupils attending public schools, are now supervised by public authorities in Boston, Brookline and Pittsburg, Mass., Bridgeport and New Haven, Conn., Providence, R. I. and a few other cities. The result is that the boys are no longer able to indulge in that nondescript lunches of cheap sausages, cheaper pies, and other indigestibles, which are furnished them from the stands or baskets of irresponsible peddlars. In the public schools of Boston hereafter the physical pabulum will be carefully overlooked and scientifically predigested as the mental pabulum. The New England Kitchen has been engaged to furnish

luncheons of two grades; one for ten cents, consisting of a cup of soup, milk, or cocoa, with crackers, two slices of bread and butter, with fruit; or a five-cent lunch, less elaborate but equally sanitary. This reform has not come one day too soon, and should become universal throughout the United States.

Walt Whitman wrote a few poems that in form as well as substance, may fairly pass into the best literature. But he wrote nothing better in all his life than this tribute to Lincoln:

"O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won;
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting;
While fellow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;

But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;

Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck,
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer; his lips are pale and still.
My father does not feel my arm; he has no pulse nor will,
The ship anchor'd safe and sound; its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;

Exult O shores, and ring O bells!
But I with mournful tread,
Walk the deck; my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead."

Dropping down like the song of a thrush, out of the sky, comes to us "Waysongs and Wanderings," a delicate bit of literature, the work of Claiborne Addison Young, and published by Estes & Lauriat of Boston. This volume contains real poetry. The charm is as much in the simplicity of the style as in the purity of the thought. Here is a bit that fits itself to this time of the year:

"O tall and tesselled corn,
With silks of pink and gold!
You grow so still and gracefully
Up from the dark, rich mould.

Your pendent leaves
What hap e'er grieves?
Come winds, come storms,
What hap e'er harms?
What loss but quick retrieves?"

"I have stored
My memory with thoughts that can allay
Fever and sadness; and when life gets dim,
And I am overladen in my years,
Minister to me."

—*N. P. Willis*

Thank God, it needs not wealth or power
To fit us to impart
Those sweetest charities below,
Which cheer a fainting heart;

For it would be a dismal world,
A joyless thing to live,
Without the little kindnesses
That any one can give.

—*Exchange.*

The Word of the Spirit.

"Get thee up into the high mountain; lift up thy voice with strength: be not afraid

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The New Theodicy and Some of its Consequences.

A PAPER READ BEFORE THE UNITED MINISTERS' MEETING OF NEW HAVEN, CONN., JANUARY, 1898, BY REV. WILLIAM T. BROWN, PASTOR OF PLYMOUTH CHURCH, ROCHESTER, NEW YORK.

I.

The term "new theodicy" is, of course, a relative term. There have been innumerable theodicies in the past and there will no doubt be innumerable theodicies in the future. The new theodicy of to-day becomes the old theodicy of to-morrow. Man has had no diviner spiritual instinct—has felt no deeper moral necessity than that which Milton confesses as the inspiring purpose of his "Paradise Lost," the purpose to "justify the ways of God to men." That has been and will ever be not only the noblest purpose but the profoundest necessity of mankind. If one were to pass in review the centuries of recorded history best known to us, and take cognizance of the religious unfolding which they reveal, it would not be difficult to find therein a splendid succession of theodicies in almost uniformly ascending series. Moses, Elijah, Amos, Hosea, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel and the author of the book of Jonah do not more clearly or surely represent different personalities in Hebrew history than they represent measurably distinct theodicies. And while it may be difficult at present to mark definitely or clearly the outlines of them all, it is certainly possible to do so in the case of most of them. It is also possible to trace through those Hebrew theodicies an expanding movement of thought and of spiritual consciousness. The new theodicy arose in each case, not because there was a moral or spiritual vacuum, but because the old theodicy was no longer adequate to express the later thought or consciousness. The real history of Israel, and indeed the real history of religion, is the history of a succession of consciences, or, in other words, the history of the progressive consciousness of God which has marked the on-going of life.

Every man of us, I suppose, has in his own experience a miniature of what has been true on the larger scale of universal humanity. The theodicy of our childhood was a mythology compared with that which became ours at the real awakening of our intellectual and spiritual nature. And it is reasonably certain that we have reverted to an animal or vegetable state, if all the years of our life since that first awakening have not been marked by as clearly defined succession of real theodicies as we think we can discern in the history of Israel. The rise of a new theodicy in the life of that nation, the record of whose religious history is comprised in our Old Testament scriptures, is likely to be associated with certain individuals, certain great personalities. It seems to me not improbable that even in that remote past such an event came about as it does now, in a

larger way. However that may be, we cannot recall the theodicies of these nineteen Christian centuries without finding in them all not simply the impress of certain great personalities, but the reflection of the widespread demand of a new conscience manifest in large numbers of men.

So far as I am able to judge, there has been but one theodicy since the days of Paul which distinctly deserves to be called "great." And that theodicy bears the name of Calvinism. I know of no theology of the last 1500 years which is not or has not been either a protest against, or a modification of, the system of theology first formulated by Augustine but bearing the name of Calvin. There has been, so far as I know, no other such comprehensive and imperial attempt to formulate a theodicy. No other theology has been marked either by such splendid intellectual genius, or by such tremendous spiritual daring. The greatness of the author of Calvinism is the greatness of a Columbus. What Columbus was in the realm of terrestrial discovery, that Augustine and Calvin were in the realm of theological adventure. They trusted themselves absolutely upon the unfurrowed sea of a sublime conception of God. They were the true sons of Abraham. They were the real successors of the prophets and apostles.

Whether or not we are to have sometime in the future a successor to these spiritual giants of the past I do not know. But the signs are not wanting that the theodicy of Calvin is gone beyond recall, and that the conscience of the world—its expanding and deepening consciousness of God—is creating in the souls of men a new theodicy whose outlines can even now be discerned, and somewhat of whose consequences must already be apparent to any man who is not blind or asleep.

The history of the past 1800 years—indeed of all the years of the life of man on the earth—is the story of ever-changing conceptions of God. The greater part of these so-called Christian centuries has been spent in controversies between conflicting thoughts of God and his relation to men. One generation has formulated its articles of faith only to have them revised by the next. The unfolding of the inner life of man, the deepening of the sense of brotherhood inspired by the example and spirit of Jesus, the enlargement of man's world in every direction, in a word, the coming to birth in the collective soul of humanity of a profounder consciousness of God has compelled tremendous changes in men's interpretation of God and of life. Forms of expression which once seemed unobjectionable now sound harsh on our ears. Representations of God which once seemed perfectly natural and right are now seen to be partial and false. Conclusions which the men of another day did not hesitate to draw from certain conceptions of the Supreme Being seem now to us intolerable. One after another theologies which in their time had many adherents have passed away. They exist to-day merely as a matter of record. They represent the faith of no living man. The cumbersome volumes which men feel moved to write in support of these decadent theologies are hardly finished and ready for the market before their contents have become obsolete.

Behind and beneath these changes in theological conceptions as their compelling cause is the ever-deepening and expanding sense of moral necessity in humanity—the sense of a moral necessity inherent and universal. It is the necessity that the moral nature of God shall be true to every man, shall appeal to every man as true. To put it in a negative way, the character of God must not contradict any man's highest ideal. It may transcend it. It must not contradict or violate it. No greater misfortune can befall a man than that he be made to think of God as less than his own highest moral idea of what God should be. No man can conceive the moral perfections of God. No man's conception of the Divine Being or character can be final. But for any man to accept for himself a moral conception of God which seems in any smallest way a violation of his own ideal of what is moral is the greatest misfortune that could befall that man. If every man does not possess within his own being the capacity of knowing God, it is utter folly to think that a man can ever obtain that knowledge. Unless a man possesses those faculties of body and mind which are necessary to the apprehension of the physical world, he will never know that world. Unless a man has the moral capacity to know God, he will never have that knowledge. Every man is like a mirror held up before the face of God. The mirror may be soiled and dulled, but it is still a mirror. I must believe it impossible for this mirror of the human soul to be so covered with the grime of sin and selfishness as no longer to give back *any reflection* of the Divine Character. There must always be the possibility of some small reflection of the divine, and that reflection is a man's highest moral ideal. For any man to think of that reflection, however faint and dim it may be, as false and evil, is a most terrible misfortune. It is to doubt the testimony of the best the man has or can have at the moment. It is to reject and ignore as real a theophany as ever came to a man.

The New Theodicy, the theodicy which I find to be growing in the consciousness of the world to-day, has to do with God and with man, with their mutual relations,—in a word, with the meaning and destiny of human life. The thought of men about God has been marked by varying degrees of qualification or limitation of his love for, and his interest in, humanity. He was the God of a nation first; so thought the Hebrews. Then he was the God and Father of the elect; so thought Calvin and others. By the successors of Calvin he has been thought of as the Father of a growing number of souls. As the world has grown larger, stretching away into an undreamed-of past and on into a boundless future, as the myriads of souls who have lived or shall yet live on the earth have thronged before the bar of conscience, there has been a steady enlargement of the number of those who might hope for the favor of God. The opportunity to repent and be saved has been pushed on into the future world, or into an intermediate state, wherever that may be. But to-day for some of us, and soon or late for all of us, every limitation or modification of the love of God is gone forever. *The necessity which is pressing upon the conscience of the world to-day with all the resistless might of the tides of the eternal spirit is the necessity that all thought and all life*

shall find speediest readjustment to the truth of the illimitable, measureless, victorious love of God. The new theodicy whose heraldings are already felt far and wide and whose consequences for thinking and for living may be in some measure predicted, is the product of the new and larger content with which the new consciousness of God is investing the three supreme words of the Christian religion: Fatherhood, Sonship, Brotherhood. The time has come, in my judgment, when no conception of God and his moral relation to the world, or of man in his relation to his fellow-men and to God which has so far been entertained, can be regarded as adequate or even tolerable. The choice for thinking men to-day is between a God of absolute love on the one side, and utter atheism on the other. A God such as Calvinism pictures is intellectually incredible and morally inconceivable. The creed which is now taking possession of the heart and mind of the world is that which Jesus incorporates in the prayer of the Kingdom, that which is enshrined in the first epistle of John and the incomparably sublime vision of Paul in the thirteenth of First Corinthians. The confession of faith which men are bound to make without reservation or limitation is the confession that God is love, love that "suffereth long and is kind," that "beareth, believeth, hopeth, endureth all things," and who can be adequately named by no other title than that which the consciousness of Jesus gave him, "Our Father." Within those words which crystalize on the pages of the four gospels the consciousness of Jesus, and, in the highest inspiration of the epistles, the emergence in other souls of the same consciousness, is embodied the faith which shall overcome the world, the only faith that has the slightest promise of approaching such an achievement.

The creed of the new theology must affirm three things as central to its faith: the eternal and universal Fatherhood of God, the eternal and essential Sonship of man, of all men, and the essential Brotherhood of humanity as the only possible realization of Fatherhood and Sonship, of God and of man. And these three are one. And because they are one, because it is impossible to draw sharply the line of distinction between them, because they blend and intermingle with one another, I shall not attempt to separate them in this discussion.

I confess my faith in a God who is the loving Father of all men—of all who have ever lived—of all who shall ever come into existence. I cannot believe in the possibility of a human soul coming into the world anyhow or anywhere, who is not the beloved offspring of the Eternal Father. There can be no illegitimate children. There are hundreds of thousands of illegitimate fathers and mothers—as many within as without the marriage relationship—but there are no illegitimate children, for all are the sons and daughters of God. And for each and for all forever and forever the love of the Divine Father is constant and victorious. It is impossible for me, and it will sometime be impossible for any human soul to think that God is good, if we may not think and know

"That not one life shall be destroyed
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God shall make the pile complete."

I can believe in nothing that contradicts the Divine Goodness or the measureless love of God. When I hear Jesus saying in his "Sermon on the Mount" that men are to love their enemies and do good to those who hate them because God has first set the example, and when I find his whole life a consistent and unvarying illustration of that principle, I know he never could have said those other words attributed to him, "And these shall go away into everlasting punishment." I cannot believe in such a thing as eternal loss, for if that were true, the other could not be. If there were the possibility of endless loss, then there would be some time when God would cease to love his own children; a time when God would cease to be a Father; a time when God would cease to exist at all, for God is Love.

How shall we picture to ourselves the activity of God? What is his life? What is he thinking? What is he doing? Do we imagine that he dwells alone by himself? God cannot dwell alone. It is a moral impossibility. For him to be alone would be the denial of his existence. He cannot live alone. He cannot exist by himself. He can exist only as he gives himself in men. God is not intellect of will simply. He is Love. Love is perpetual giving. Love is the creative power of the universe. God dwells with men, in men. They are his life. They are the very thoughts of his mind and the expression of his affection. God needs men just as really and just as profoundly as men need God. They are the means of his self-realization. The very life of God is pledged in the life of man. In the life of men does God live, find his infinite satisfaction, realize his solemn joy. They are indispensable to him, and the moral loss of a single soul in all the universe would mean an eternal sorrow in the heart of God. By so much would God lose his own life, imperil his own soul, and take into his heart an eternal woe.

It has been hitherto assumed as the basis of an impossible and intolerable theory of an atonement that there is an essential contrast or hostility between God and man. That contrast cannot be perpetually maintained. It cannot be maintained at all without giving up totally the thought of God which appears in the teaching and consciousness and life of Jesus. A gospel which depends upon that basis is obsolete, or at least obsolescent. Life cannot be rationally conceived in any such way. With every revolving year that nightmare recedes into the darkness of the past. Into the thought of Fatherhood the element of responsibility must be infused. If an irresponsible manhood is rationally and morally intolerable, no less so is an irresponsible Godhood. If you and I cannot deny a real measure of responsibility for the moral life of our children or those whom we call our children, what a travesty of reason it would be to deny the eternal and absolute responsibility of the All-Father for every soul that lives! The goodness of God is unthinkable unless there be an eternal worth in the human soul, unless its immortal destiny is assured.

I believe in eternal life. Having said that, it would be a contradiction to affirm my belief in eternal death. I do not believe in death at all. I believe in life and I believe that life is eternal, is the breath and energy and vigor of God himself, and can no more cease than he can cease.

We cannot really accept the truth of the Divine Fatherhood which lies at the heart of the gospel of Jesus unless we shall follow it over into its legitimate conclusions. If we shall fill out in our thinking the corollaries of that central truth, we shall come in sight of conceptions of life and duty which are incomparably higher, nobler, and more searching than any we have ever had. For Fatherhood means sonship. If there is a Father, there must be Sons. If God is our Father we are his sons. What does it mean to say that we are the sons of God? Is that term satisfied with the sense of dependence or the fact of origin? When we have said that we owe our existence to God, have we therein given any real content to Sonship? Not at all. Sonship is not mainly of essence, physical or spiritual, but it is moral. The son is the image of the Father. The son is the moral heir of the Father. The very idea of Fatherhood and Sonship as applied to spiritual relationship involves identity of nature, identity of moral essence, identity of ideal, purpose, life, responsibility. He is a son of God who inherits the moral life of God.

Life is, therefore, all of it, the process of incarnation. Incarnation is in a special sense the meaning and the method of all moral life. It cannot be thought of as an event which transpired in Bethlehem one night at the beginning of this era. So to conceive it is to put into it a content which is utterly void of social quality. Morality can never be the product of a miracle. Jesus could not be the Son of God in a sense in which every man that is born into the world is not potentially and by necessity of his nature the son of God. Jesus could not have become the Son of God by any other process other than that by which every man may and must ultimately become a son of God. The difference between the Sonship of Jesus and that of any other man is a difference of consciousness, and sometimes even there only a difference of degree. He knew himself to be God's Son, and that consciousness is the possibility and indeed the destiny of every human soul. The destiny of man is therefore assured. He can move toward his fulfillment in but one direction. He can have but one possibility. He must grow toward God. But to grow toward God is to grow into his moral likeness. And that means that the germ of the moral life of God is in man, or rather he inherits by nature and by all the laws of his life the moral tasks and ideals of God.

The life of Jesus is an illustration of this whole conception. He is the perfect Son—at one with the Father. But he is more than that. He is also the perfect brother—at one in the most real sense with men. The life he lives is the life of God. It is the life of a moral Sonship which could be realized only in brotherhood, only in a life of self-forgetting service. The ethics of Jesus are the ethics of sacrifice in order to the realization brother-love, the ethics of a love that endures the cross because it will permit nothing to defeat its purpose to realize the life of God in the life of humanity. Soteriology is practically synonymous with sociology, when the latter means something more than the fad of a doctrinaire.

II.

What in the light of the new theodicy does brotherhood involve? It involves in a man's relation to other men all that sonship involves in his relation to God. If I am a son of God, I must inherit the love, the motive, the purpose, the responsibility of God. I must be as he is. I must reveal him. I must act for him. I must be his representative. If I am a brother of men, I take upon myself a responsibility for my fellows. Their care and sorrow and sin and wrong, their burdens and their loss, their hopelessness and their poverty I must share. I must think of their hurt as my own. I must think of their loss as mine. I am well aware that I am not describing very accurately the basis upon which the present social order is made to rest by its sponsors. But I cannot escape the conviction that if we would keep our faith in God, we must accept its logic for our life. We are God's agents. And our refusal to act in that capacity is in so far our decree that God's will shall not be done. We attempt to defeat his purposes, to nullify his will, to make void his gracious plan, we try to shut God out of the world he has made, we forbid him to love the offspring of his own heart, when we refuse to act for him, to be his moral heirs, his sons and daughters, and therefore the brothers of our fellow men. Man can no more realize himself without brotherhood than God can realize himself without sonship. Sonship is the realization of the moral perfections of God, and brotherhood will be the realization of the moral possibilities of humanity. It was Phillips Brooks who said that Christianity could not be pronouced a failure, because it had never been tried. There will never be in this world a religion worthy to be called the religion of Jesus, until there is in the hearts of men an overmastering sense of the fact that we are members one of another, that we are one family. There can be no divine familyhood on this earth which does not carry with it the common possession of all things. The time for holding the fatherhood of God as a convenient fiction with which to perpetuate an utterly selfish institutionalism has gone by. It deceives no one. If God is our Father, we are one family. We are brothers. There is no "mine" or "thine." All things are ours and all men's. We are as sure to have here on this earth some time the realization of a brotherhood, the establishment of some form of Socialism, or, as Phillips Brooks preferred to say, "Mutualism," as the idea of God's Fatherhood is sure to persist. I confess I cannot understand how any man can accept for himself the religion of Jesus, take in honesty his prayer on his lips, or know the sense of the divine Sonship, unless he feels in his soul an unutterable moral necessity that society shall be a brotherhood such as the spirit of Jesus requires and must inevitably produce.

The supreme moral phenomenon of our time is the growing sense of the essential brotherhood of man. There may be many names for it and there may be many forms of its manifestation, but it amounts to this, that men are feeling to-day as never before not only the sense of their essential brotherhood, but also a mighty impulse amounting almost to a passion to realize it. It manifests

itself in a thousand ways: in the spirit which pervades all forms of literature; in the endless number of lodges and fraternities with which our country is filled, every one of them recognizing and embodying more or less fully the idea of brotherhood; in the tendency to combinations of which illustrations might be multiplied indefinitely; in the marvellous growth and spread in this and all other civilized countries of various forms of socialism; in the deepening of the democratic spirit and the determination to bring all the officials and functions of government into the hands of the people; and especially in the growth of the economic conscience, under the sway of which things which before seemed natural and right are now seen to be unnatural and wrong. We are living as none of our fathers have in an age when men are coming to the consciousness of a larger self, the consciousness of society, the sense of the solidarity of the race. There is no way of explaining the magnitude and intensity of this spirit of brotherlove which is now penetrating every part and phase of human life, except as the emergence in the human consciousness of the infinite love. Every man and every enterprise must reckon with it. Humanity is slowly coming to itself. It is awaking to the consciousness that the right to work is the right to worship, and that whatever makes the one impossible makes the other impossible. Says Henry D. Lloyd, "*The right to do* the divine will must be as bravely upheld as *the right to pray* to it. The Holy Wars that have been fought to maintain the right to worship according to the dictates of conscience are not a whit more holy than the struggle to establish all men in their right 'to do,' as the ten commandments say, 'all their work.' The right to pray, the right to think, the right to vote, the right to work—this is the line of march of the crusaders of progress. The right to be, the right to grow, the right to love and to be loved, to serve and to be served, to teach and to be taught, are all summed up in the phrase, 'the right to work.' All the titles, all the property, all the vested interests have no other legal sanction than this, that they serve. 'He prayeth best who loveth best,' and he loveth best who serveth best. He who is forbidden to serve is forbidden to love and to pray." "An economic system which heaps up idle money in the banks and idle men in the streets is spiritually a sin, economically a waste, and we shall surely make it legal outlawry. No right is vested, no law valid, no government constitutional, no person to be respected that stands in the way of the determination of mankind to realize itself. The resolute heart of humanity which has never hesitated to annihilate churches and governments to save religion and patriotism, still lives and is still resolute to save."

Fatherhood, Sonship, Brotherhood: out of the human sense of that trinity of truth flows the river of life for the healing of the nations. What is the conception of life which corresponds to these three words? Life cannot be reduced to any fixed analysis, but chiefly it must be thought of as three things. It is a discipline, an opportunity, a responsibility.

It is a discipline, because God is our Father and because man is in the making. Humanity is immature, but all life is on the march toward that goal where we shall all "be perfect as the Heavenly Father is perfect."

Life is an opportunity, how great an opportunity can be known or felt by men only in contemplation of the life and character of Jesus, or in comradeship with him in the knowledge of the needs and in the sharing of the burdens of other men. The sublime opportunity of life, that for which it was made and to which the whole endowment of the soul points, is Sonship to God. "Now are we the sons of God?" wrote one of the earliest apostles. That is what makes life a sacred thing. All life, whether of worm or tree or flower or bird or beast or man—all life is God's. We belong to him. We live and move and have our being in him. And with the Quaker poet we may serenely say,

> "I know not where his islands lift
> Their fronded palms in air;
> I only know I cannot drift
> Beyond his love and care."

The sublime opportunity of life is to know ourselves the sons of God. Men may have the sense of the eternal world. They may feel its exhilaration. They may breathe its air, share its visions, live its life, take into themselves its limitless love and purpose, and begin on the earth the life of God. They may take into their thought and plan and activity something of the timelessness and joy of the eternal world.

But life cannot be known as a supreme opportunity, unless it shall be known also as a stern responsibility. The Divine Sonship cannot be known apart from the realization of the perfect brotherhood. And that means the incurring of responsibility. The cross is the symbol of that responsibility. That is the badge of Sonship and brotherhood, indeed of Fatherhood as well. Through them all the one Divine Purpose runs. In them all is the one Divine Sacrifice. The fountain of them all is the one Divine Love.

If the main principles for which I am contending be true, and I cannot believe them other than true, they certainly foreshadow radical changes in the preaching of so-called Christian ministers and in the whole life of the so-called Christian church. It involves a new conception of sin, or at least a conception of it other than that which has usually been held. In so far as sin cannot be conceived as the uneliminated animalism in man, it must be conceived, it seems to me, as the refusal by men to accept the responsibility of their nature, the refusal to be the moral heirs of God, the refusal to have communion with God and with man. The two are one. He who refuses to have communion with men refuses to have communion with God. If it be said that no place is left in such a theodicy for moral responsibility in men. I answer that human responsibility upon any other basis is inconceivable. *No man can have such a thing as responsibility; no man can be conscious of such a thing, except as he becomes consciously the moral heir of God.* There can be no just law for human conduct which does not receive its sanction from the life and conduct of God himself. Conscience is the germ of possible deity in the soul of man. There can be no morality, no worth of character, no grace of life which is not the same in God as in man, in man as in God.

If it be said that this theodicy which I have attempted to outline offers to men no sufficient incentive for a higher life, I answer that it offers to men the only incentive that is capable of calling forth the best that is in their nature. *Man who is in the image of God can know no adequate incentive to noble conduct until he knows the incentive of God himself.*

If it be said that this is nothing but a reproduction of what is commonly known as universalism. It should be replied that the conception of the Christian gospel which bears that name never dreamed of going so far as the new theodicy is bound to go. The new social consciousness did not enter into that historic departure. And the social spirit and ideal is indissolubly bound up in any theodicy that is possible to-day. The field of service, the social fulfillment involved in the new theodicy has never been seen with anything approaching the vividness with which men are seeing it to-day. After all, history is only repeating itself.

Two thousand years ago certain religionists were eagerly scrutinizing the skies for the coming of the messenger of God. They were hoping for the appearance of him who should stand in the place of God for them. They looked and looked, and they looked in vain, because they looked away from human faces and human needs. And all that while there lived among them in the form of a carpenter from the little town of Nazareth the fullest human manifestation of God this earth ever had the privilege to see. But those men never saw him. They never found God in humanity, where alone he was and ever is to be found. To find God then was to enter into comradeship of service with one of their own number for the purpose of inaugurating on earth the reign of brother-love. It can never mean anything other than that. In the sharing of all that comes to men, whether of good or of ill, in the realization of a brotherhood of opportunity and achievement, whose highest law shall be the law of service, is the companionship of the Son of God to be found.

Turn the same picture around. We know to-day that in those days at the beginning of our era the great masses of men and women all over the land of Palestine were looking for a Messiah with an earnestness and a yearning of which the priests and scribes and Pharisees never dreamed. The beggars on the streets, the despised publicans at the places of customs receipt, the fishermen on the lake-shore, the peasants in their cabins on the mountain slopes and the rabble in the dingy streets of towns and cities, all these men and women were looking for a Messiah in the only sense in which such an expectation then or now or ever can have the slightest moral significance. They were looking for a friend. They were looking for a brother. They were looking for a man who should care more for others than he cared for himself. Mary Magdalene was waiting for the one person in all the world who could change her name from a badge of reproach to a beacon light of purity and devotion for the immortal enrichment of all the ages. The poor creatures of the slums had been enacting their pitiful drama for unknown decades for want of a man who should do them justice, the justice of love and brotherhood. And so all over the earth had the sons and daughters of men been looking with keenest desire and most passionate longing for a brother. They had looked in vain. There were no brothers for them in the church of that day. They looked to the priests and religionists of their own land and time utterly in vain. Then found no brother among them. These religious men were too busy searching their scriptures or droning their worthless services to see in the want and woe and longing and need at their feet and under the very shadow of their temple and synagogues the *prophecy of a Messiahship in themselves* potent of everlasting grace and glory for the world. They were orthodox on ancient prophecy. They were blind and insensible to the voice and word of a diviner prophecy at their very sides than had ever come by the mouth of an Elijah or an Isaiah. But there was a man born in the obscurity of a Galilean village who was not blind or deaf to this holiest word of God that was ever written or uttered. There was the son of a carpenter who turned away from the orthodoxy of his day and found in the face of nature and in the pitiful voice of human sin and need that which called to the depths in his heart. He looked upon these fellow-men of his and his heart was filled with compassion for them. In their sorrowful estate he read the will of God for him and for every man. He accepted for himself that will. He dedicated himself to the fulfillment of that Messianic hope and longing which he found in the needs of men. And in that service to which he gave himself he found for himself a name that is above every name, a name in the memory and love of which the most glorious deeds of these centuries have been done. When he became the brother of those needy men and women, he became God's Messiah, the bearer to all the ages of the unutterable love of the Father.

The Messianic hope of the world, its real Messianic longing, is ever the same. The masses of humanity are as eagerly as ever looking for a friend, a brother. The opportunity to be brothers is the opportunity of Messiahship. The opportunity to join our fellow men in the realization on the earth of a brotherhood is as sacred an opportunity as that which summoned the heart of Jesus to the task which made him the Master of men and the Lord of our holiest life. That is the perpetual opportunity of our life. It comes to us all some time. We cannot live in this world and not hear the world's cry for brotherhood, the world's prayer to its Father. It is the one constant note that is sounding in all the discord of our selfish world. We shall either ignore that cry, belittle and despise it as did the Pharisees of old, join the thoughtless mob that crucifies the world's saviors, refuse to hear the voice of the God in human need and aspiration, or else we shall joyously respond to this divine voice in our humanity, join hands with any and every man who loves his fellows more than he loves himself, and in obedience to the only command of Jesus, that we love our fellows as he loved men, find for ourselves the religion of Jesus in being the brothers of the brotherless.

The emergence into the consciousness of the world to-day of the sense of the essential brotherhood of man, the feeling that grows with every

revolving year in the collective heart of the world, in spite of the contempt of the scholastics in professorial chair and in pulpit, that the religion of Jesus and the economics of his sacrificial life are the only fulfillment of human life, and the rising tide of courage and faith to believe in that splendid possibility, these phenomena cannot be explained on any other ground than that they are the product of men's consciousness of the Eternal Love. Or to put it in the other way, the preaching of the gospel of the new theodicy, the gospel, I mean, of the measureless love of God, love that knows no possibility of defeat, a gospel that is being preached by the liberal pulpits of New England; the preaching of that gospel is the inauguration of a revolution, radical beyond all power of thought to comprehend. Such preachers are revolutionists, and they should not be ashamed of their brother revolutionists, the socialists and the social reformers of every sort. The liberals of New England pulpits, with few exceptions, are like one of their lineal ancestors, Erasmus, unconscious heralds of a revolution whose approach they dread and fear and denounce. Upon the shoulders of no one will rest a greater responsibility for the advent of the social revolution which is as sure to come as the sun is to rise than upon those who have dared to preach to its fullest the eternal Fatherhood of God. They are the theological forerunners of the social incarnation with almost as little intent to be as our Morgans and Rockefellers are its commercial and economic forerunners.

It seems a pity, though, that so many of the men who so clearly see that God is our Father and that a man approaches the fullest possible realization of his own personality only as he approaches the image of God, should be so slow to see that the world is one family and that a man as really approaches the fulfillment of himself as he finds most perfect union and communion with his fellow men. The christianity of to-day is, as Prof Drummond would say, a case of arrested development. The church, its supposed representative in the world, hugs to its bosom a half-truth and permits the unchurched rabble to anticipate it in the finding of the other half which completes it. The criticism which Mrs. Humphrey Ward somewhere makes upon the Germans, that in some departments of thinking they cannot apparently see to the end of their professorial noses, will bear application to not a little of the religious thinking of the present time. We have for centuries affirmed our belief in the "communion of saints" and we have invested that phrase with the vaguest meaning possible, a sort of luxury of emotional or æsthetic comradeship in this world or the next, preferably the next, whereas the communion of the saints can be realized here as well as anywhere, and here or anywhere it must be the sacrement of a common service under the law of love. Toward that end the world is moving under the impulse and inspiration of the sense of the new theodicy. The law of the life of God is to be seen and felt as the law of the united life of man. Fatherhood is to find fulfillment in brotherhood. The "greater work" which we are to do will be found and accomplished in a social incarnation. "And there shall be a new heaven and a new earth."

How Can One "Live The Life."

By overcoming. By acquiring a fixedness of purpose and individuality. By learning the secrets of continuity. By determining through concentration what is right, and living it, though the heavens fall. By following out principle which is based upon principle, not on popular consent. By according the utmost freedom to others. By standing up straight and not getting limp over trifles. By cleanliness of body, soul and spirit. By carefully avoiding the hypnotic influences of master minds before you have become fully fixed in your own convictions. By being amenable to your own conscience first, to the views of others last. By a prudent expenditure of sympathy for the ways and grievances of others; (sympathy is a balm at first, but becomes an excuse for weakness in your neighbor if given out too freely.) By being well, by thinking well, and acting well. By growing a little in soul stature every day. By learning something new every possible opportunity. By plodding the road of honesty, rather than the race-track of trickery. By believing what you say and saying what you believe. By professing nothing, but having a tacit faith in everything. By adopting the truism that "all is good, and that in the absolute there is nothing to fear." By never sacrificing yourself to a bad principle, for to win out one must hold out. By leaving arguments to the ward politician and the chicken fighters. By being silently aggressive, but never openly combative. By thinking twice before you speak, for a hurried commitment breeds regrets. By listening attentively to a pleasant word and passing it along to the next. By never seeking to thrust your pet theories on everybody, for all ears are not attuned exactly alike. By being a man or a woman and not seem to be trying hard to succeed. By differing with your neighbor and yet enjoy a good laugh over your differences. By feeling an inspiration coursing your veins without getting excited over it; nothing is altogether wonderful when you simmer it down to a nicety. By observing divine law, so that man-made laws seem easy. By dressing tastefully and thinking normally, so that the body will become to look quite like the spirit. By not speaking habitually in the superlative degree; the normal degree is the middle and safer one. By being brave, but not pugnacious. By creeping before you walk, remembering that a little gain every day is better than a jerky fortune. By returning good for evil—in the most orthodox fashion if you will—but try and forget it as soon as possible; you have plenty left in stock. By eating regularly of simple foods, and drinking Nature's beverages only. By manifesting a sincerity that will entice Love from his hiding place. By being awfully good without "that tired feeling" over other people's follies. By digesting what you read and acquainting yourself with the author's motive; he didn't write his book while sleep-walking. By breathing fresh air asleep or awake, remembering that only those catch cold who are good catchers. By—but what is the use? There is no end to the list. To "Live the Life" is to live it, some one way, some another; and heaven waits on him or her who succeeds.—*Alwyn M. Thurber*

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Man's rank is his power to uplift.

MON.—I do not myself believe there is any misfortune. What men call such is merely the shadow-side of a good.

TUES.—Better to have the poet's heart than brain,
Feeling than song; but better far than both,
To be a song, a music of God's making.

WED.—Life and religion are one, or neither is anything. Religion is no way of life, no show of life, no observance of any sort. It is neither food nor medicine of being. It is life essential.

THURS.—It is a fine thing for any man to be compelled to work. It is the first divine decree, issuing from love and help.

FRI.—All misery is God unknown.

SAT.—Be bounteous in thy faith, for not misspent
Is confidence unto the Father lent.
Thy need is sown and rooted for this rain.
—*George MacDonald.*

The Child and the Flower.

Goldenrod, why do you look so bright?
The sun has given me part of his light.

What makes you grow so straight and tall?
I'm trying to answer an upward call.

Why do you bloom in the summer so late?
I'm told to be patient,—that I must wait.

What makes you beautiful, goldenrod?
I'm trying to tell what I know of God.

Goldenrod, what can we learn from you?
To be cheerful and gentle, modest and true.
—*W. W. S., in Primary Education.*

Left Alone.

It's the lonesomest house you ever saw,
This big gray house where I stay—
I don't call it living at all, at all—
Since my mother went away.

Four long weeks ago, and it seems a year;
"Gone home," so the preacher said,
An' I ache in my breast with wanting her,
An' my eyes are always red.

I stay out of doors till I'm almost froze,
Cause every corner and room
Seems empty enough to frighten a boy,
And filled to the door with gloom.

I hate them to call me in to my meals,
Sometimes I think I can't bear
To swallow a mouthful of anything
An' her not sitting up there

A-pourin' the tea, an' passin' the things,
An' laughing to see me take
Two big lumps of sugar instead of one,
An' more than my share of cake.

I'm too big to be kissed, I used to say,
But somehow I don't feel right,
Crawling into bed as still as a mouse—
Nobody saying good-night,

An' tucking the clothes up under my chin,
An' pushing my hair back, so;
Things a boy makes fun of before his chums,
But things that he likes, you know.

There's no one to go to when things go wrong—
She was always so safe and sure,
Why, not a trouble could tackle a boy
That she couldn't up and cure.

There are lots of women, it seems to me,
That wouldn't be missed so much—
Women whose boys are about all grown up,
An' old maid aunties, an' such.

I can't make it out for the life of me
Why she should have to go,
An' her boy left here in this old gray house,
A-needing an' wanting her so.

I tell you the very lonesomest thing
In this great big world to-day
Is a big boy of ten whose heart is broke
'Cause his mother is gone away.
—*Jean Blewett in the Toronto Globe.*

The Story of Sprite.

Little Amy Lovel hardly had her eyes open one morning when she heard a "tap, tap," against the window-glass, as if some one wanted to come in. Yet that could hardly be, for the blinds were closed fast on the outside. But there it was again, "tap, tap."

So she slipped out of bed, and went across the floor in her bare feet to the window. On the wide window-sill, between the sash and the blinds, there was a beautiful brown squirrel sitting on his haunches, with his long, bushy tail curled over his head, and his bright little eyes looking straight at her. It would have been hard to tell which was the more surprised.

Amy was a beautiful child, with a face that made everybody love her, and hair like the aureoles that they make around the heads of the saints in the pictures. She had a fall when she was a wee child that would make her lame for life; but this only seemed to make her more lovable by making her more gentle and patient.

The squirrel wouldn't let her touch him at first, but after a while he came and ate the crumbs that she put on the window-sill for him.

But how did he get there? There was only one way. A large oak-tree grew close by the window. He had run out on the branches and hopped from the tree to the blinds. Running up the slats, they had unexpectedly turned with him, opening widely enough for him to fall through, then closing up after him. So he was a prisoner, just as if he had been caught in a trap.

Amy would have been delighted to keep him for a pet, but he seemed so frightened and unhappy away from the woods and trees that she opened the window and let him go. "Good-by, little squirrel," she said. "Go and sit up in the trees and crack nuts and be happy in your own way."

But he either had a very short memory or else he liked his visit, for it was not long before he came again. Amy was delighted. There he sat and looked at her, as much as to say, "Well here I am again."

He let her touch him this time, and he would even eat a few crumbs from her hand. He was a young squirrel, not more than half-grown, and not so cautious as if he had been older. He did not know how dangerous white little hands often are to such as he.

Amy named him Sprite, because he was so light and airy. Every now and then Sprite would come back, always presenting himself in the same way. Amy could not tell whether his visits were intentional or not. But she petted him all the same; and he came to be not afraid of her at all,—would eat out of her hand and perch on her shoulder, making himself quite at home.—*Our Animal Friends.*

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The Liberal Field.

"The World is my Country; To do good is my Religion."

ANN ARBOR.—Last week Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Crooker of Troy, N. Y., took up the work at Ann Arbor laid down by Mr. Sunderland. During his ministry in Madison, Wisconsin, Mr. Crooker proved his fitness for college town work and through the University of Wisconsin he spoke in every corner of the state. We doubt not a simple usefulness awaits him in Ann Arbor. The NEW UNITY extends congratulations to the Unitarian Society and a cordial welcome back to the west to these faithful children of the west. Success to Mr. and Mrs. Crooker at Ann Arbor.

CHICAGO.—Rev. Elinor Gordon of Iowa City, was in Chicago from the 4th to the 7th. On the afternoon of the 6th she read a paper before the Associate Alliance at the first meeting of the year in Evanston. Her subject was "A Modern Shibboleth," and the paper showed the same earnestness of conviction and loyalty to chosen principles which marks all of Miss Gordon's work. Many of the Unitarian ministers of the city were present, and the paper was discussed by Mr. Fenn, Mr. Earthworth, Mr. Gould and Mrs. Woolley.

As this issue goes to press Chicago will be ablaze with flags, its streets resplendant in arches and lights. It is the municipal jubilee over the return of peace. Well may we rejoice that the bloody business is over, and rejoice also that the Cubans have a chance at last to show what manner of men they are. Liberty is now their opportunity. We can but rejoice in the heroism manifested, the valor displayed by the American soldier and sailor, but it is well to remember that the kind of prowess invoked upon the battle-field is more in evidence than the spiritual prowess of self-denial and self-control that can properly utilize triumph and convert conquest into character. The Cubans are still starving. The reconcentrados, though permitted to return to their homes, find the home desolate, and now that the heavy hand of Spain is lifted it still leaves the natives prone, held down by poverty and ignorance. The work of powder and ball was but a terrible and deplorable prelude to the real work of elevation and liberation. We remember with tenderness and pride the brave who have fallen. We remember with sympathy the mourning ones who are left. Let us accept with courage the still harder tasks and face with wisdom the still unsolved problem that settles over the beautiful islands in tropic seas.

LECTURES FOR PLATFORM AND PARLOR.—A neatly printed slip is before us, announcing the following topics of lectures which Mrs. Woolley is prepared to give on the platform and in the club room. Our readers need no word of commendation from us concerning Mrs. Woolley for has she not been of us and with us from our beginning to this time? Her words are always words of wisdom and her pleas are always for culture, liberality and progress. We hope she will be heard often. Let her be sent for from far and near:

Prophets in Literature.
The Humor of George Eliot.
Emerson's Poems.
An Hour with Shakespeare.
Tennyson—Nineteenth century poet and thinker.
The Arthurian Legends.
Robert Browning.
Ibsen's Peer Gynt. This lecture can be illustrated with musical selections from Grieg's suite of Peer Gynt.
Margaret Fuller.
Walt Whitman.
Emile Zola. With especial reference to his latest works, the great trilogy of novels comprising Lourdes, Rome, Paris.
Women's Clubs—Their merits and limitations.
The Evolution of the Home.
The Social Ideal.
The Closing Century.
Beauty—In Nature, in Art, in Character.
The Bible. A review of some of the results of the higher criticism, showing how these results have helped, not hindered, our true use and understanding of the Bible.

Harvest Festivals.

The many calls for the Harvest Festival Card, published recently by the Western Unitarian Sunday School Society, show that harvest festivals are growing to be more commonly held by both eastern and western Sunday Schools, though comparatively too few of the schools are having the whole church congregation join with them in a union service for young and old. Our liberal congregations rarely if ever have too much of a family oneness pervading the whole flock, so that it would seem all the more advisable to have church and school blended into one on such an occasion as that of the annual thanks-offering for the harvest and for the lessons suggested by it. Perhaps a little more thought put on this point by some of those in charge of our liberal Sunday Schools would bring good results.

As to festival cards, the one above mentioned seems admirable for the purpose. One side shows F. Morgan's picture of children doing their part in gathering the ripened fruit, while the other has one of Juniata Stafford's fine nature-poems whose very title "Doing Our Part" hints its pointed lesson. The giving out of such cards and their consequent scattering through the various homes in a parish ought in itself to widen and deepen the influence of the festival, and perhaps it will help to fix it as an annual custom in some of the places that heretofore have known no such harvest celebrations.

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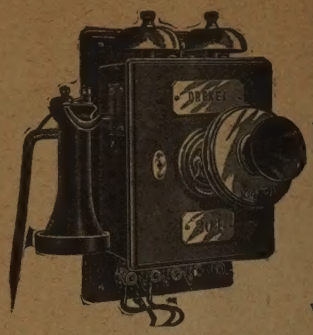

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